INTERNATIONAL
club
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LINZI'S SEXY CHRISTMAS PARTY

PLUS LINZI IN BLACKPOOL

DEBBIE RIDES A THUMPER

CELEBRITY EXTRA: BJÖRN BORG'S GIRLFRIEND

Janet

Photographs by Robert Lorraine

club Biker

DEBB

AZTEC
Kawasaki
KLR
GAERNE
600

Aztec helmet, Gaerne boots, Malcolm Smith moto cross shirt and moto cross gloves courtesy of Rivetts of London Ltd., 234/6/8 High Road, London E11.

club Biker

Kawasaki
600
KLR
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INTERNATIONAL
Kawasaki
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degree of feel (somebody said the same thing about me the other night) and never locked the rear wheel, except on the rough (but more of the rough stuff later).

There's something for everybody with the Uni-Trak single-shock rear suspension unit – it's multi-adjustable for both damping and preload. Up front, the forks are air-assisted, but Kawasaki UK reckon they function best at zero psi. I followed their advice and never had cause for complaint.

Just about the only complaint I *do* have of the Kawaskai as a road bike is the hard moto cross-style seat, which took its toll on my bum once I'd covered 80 miles or more. But, in any case, the small fuel tank (it holds just over two-and-a-half gallons) meant petrol stops every 100 miles or so during fast road work. I could then continue my ride with a refreshed backside after I'd filled up!

There's no pansy electric start fitted (sorry, wimps), but both my own bikes have to be kick started, so my right leg's in pretty good shape (*Nothing much wrong with your left one either – Ed.*). As such, I didn't have any real problems starting the KLR, providing I followed the technique: find compression, ease the lever gently past it, let it come all the way back up and give it one almighty wallop. Nine times out of ten, it'll burst into life first time.

The bike proved to be a real head-turner. Its eye-catching colour scheme, the gorgeous deep bark emitted from the exhaust and the pure moto cross styling were all attention grabbers during the test.

It may look like a moto crosser, but the bike's off-road performance is somewhat upstaged by its excellence as a street bike. On the rough, I can throw my 125 dirt racer around willy nilly, but the 600, so nimble on tarmac, is a big beast off road and needs careful handling.

Brakes, suspension and power delivery are fine, but tight turns are hard work and total concentration is needed just to keep the bike upright. 14-stone heavies would no doubt find the going easier, but, generally speaking, this is a bike for the occasional foray off-road.

However, it's a fact most trail bikes sold in this country never leave the road, and anyone who bought the KLR intending to use it solely for highway use wouldn't be disappointed. In fact, they'd probably find themselves pleasantly surprised.

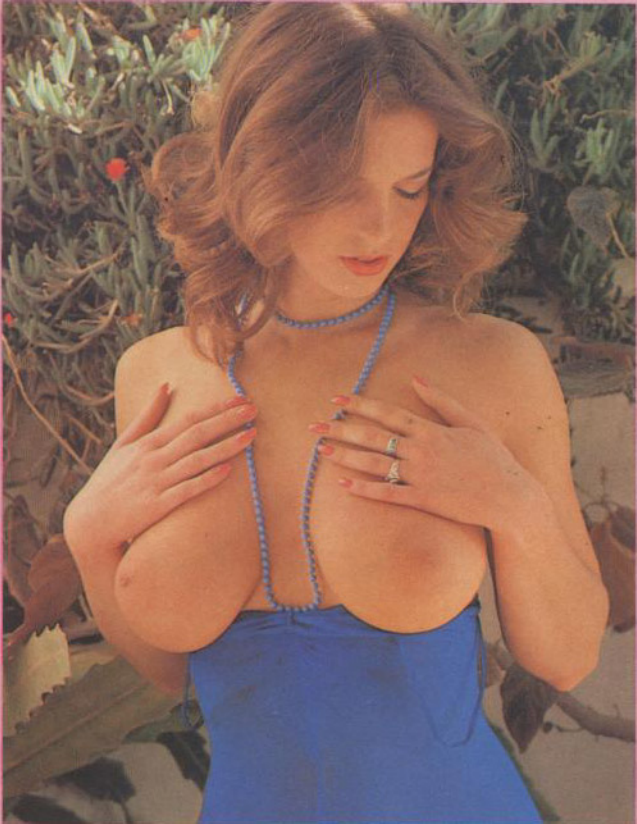
I wanted to ride the bike every spare moment I had during the test, such was the fun I had while aboard it, and I can't really give it any higher endorsement than that.

All in all, a thumping good thumper!
Debbie Elliott

Kawasaki
600
DOHC
4-VALVE

KAWASAKI KLR600 A1

Engine: 564cc, single-cylinder, four-stroke. Four valves. Maximum power 42bhp at 7000rpm, maximum torque 34ft/lb at 5500rpm.
Transmission: Five-speed gearbox. Final drive by chain.
Performance: Top speed 103mph. Average fuel consumption 53.1mpg.
Price: £1699 including car tax and VAT.
Warranty: Twelve months unlimited mileage.
Importer: Kawasaki Motors (UK) Ltd, 748/749 Deal Avenue, Trading Estate, Slough, Berks SL1 4SH.



club

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

This page: Small is beautiful, they say, and that certainly applies to Nikki; a Norwegian girl who's worth more than her height (just four feet, ten inches) in gold.

Above: Yet another example of Continental quality – the voluptuous Rita, from Switzerland.

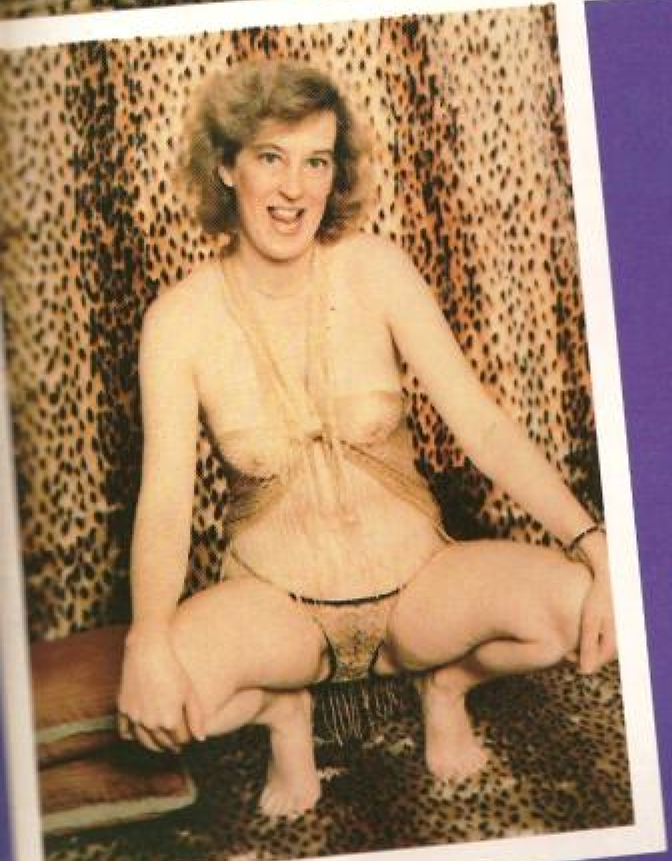
Below: Club *International* certainly lives up to its name . . . Valerie, from West Germany, shows off her favourite item of furniture.

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

Right: Selina; a classy lady, whose nipples are made to make your mouth water.

Below: Lovers of hairy pussies should appreciate cette belle française, Joelle.

This page: Pauline's choice of backdrop certainly catches the eye, but, thankfully, not as much as Pauline does!



AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

Model's name ....

Address ....

....

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Model's signature ....

Photographer's name ....

Address ....

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Photographer's signature ....

Witness ....

Date ....

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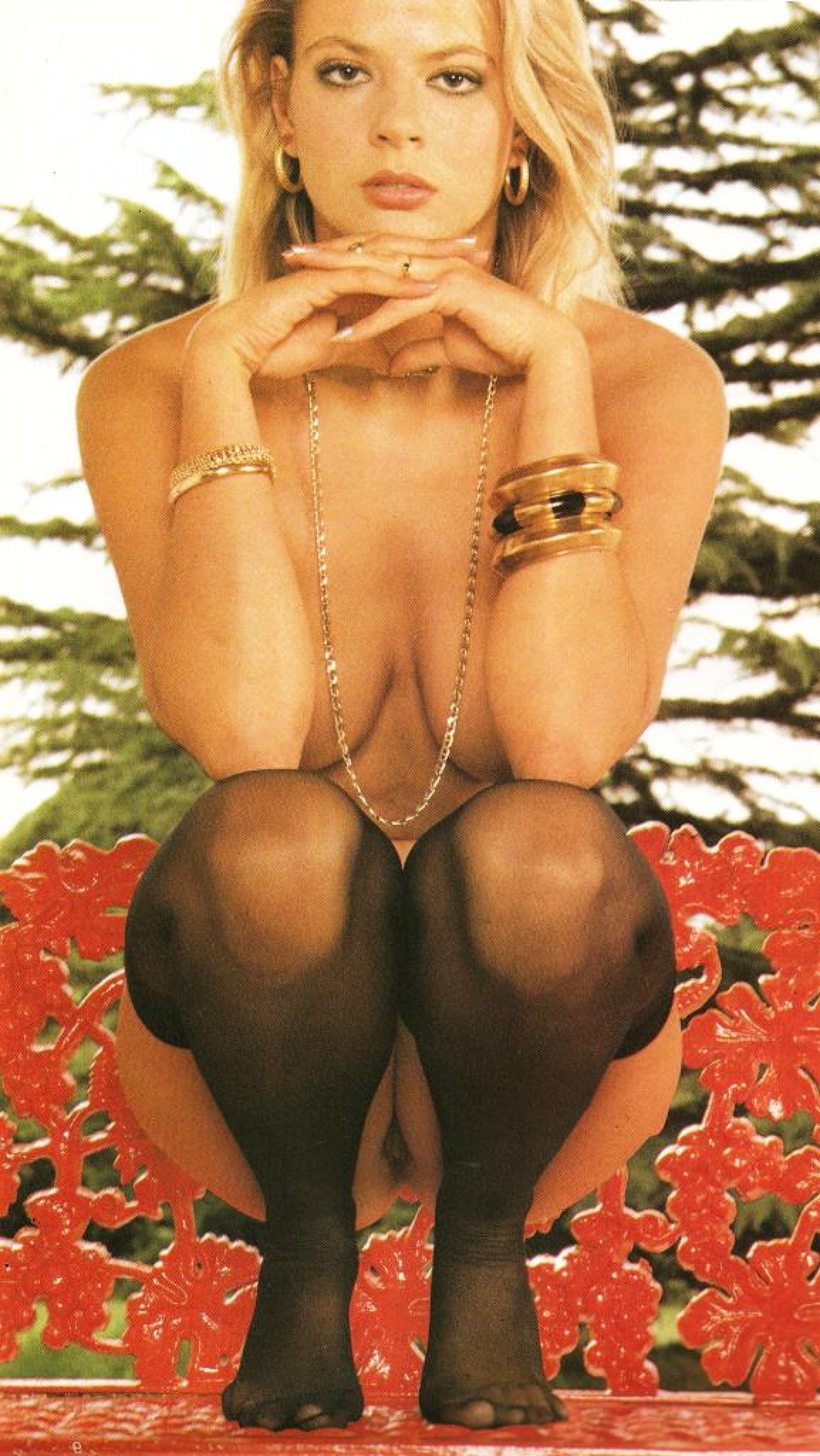

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Chance would be a fine thing!

Photos by Ian Potter

Don't go getting any ideas that the violin case is just for show, or that Samantha is some latter-day Al Capone – Sam's never been near a machine-gun in her life, but she could show you a thing or two about a violin. There are one or two other things we'd like her to show us, too, on the evidence of the revealing colour pictures overleaf. But let's give the girl a chance: after all, that's what she's here for.

Samantha, 22, came to London for her big day from Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, where she still lives with mum and dad.

'It's not at all restrictive,' she assures us. 'Because my boyfriend has his own place in town, and I spend quite a lot of time there. I don't usually take my violin with me, though: I'm usually too busy doing other things . . .'

When our photographer, quizzing Sam about her instrument, was told she could quite comfortably play her way through a complete Beethoven violin concerto, he remarked that Sam must spend a lot of her time listening to Radio 3 and browsing through classical record stalls.

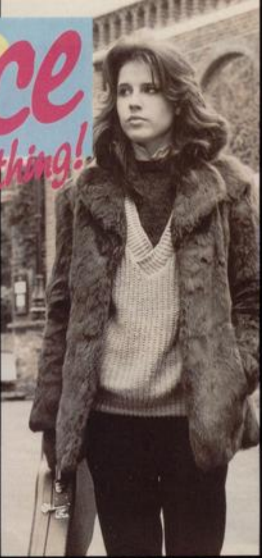
Talk about being wide of the mark. 'You must be joking! My favourite bands are U2, Big Country and Simple Minds. I've only got two classical records at home – and one of them I won in a music contest four years ago when I was a schoolgirl.'

The thought of 18-year-old Samantha fingering her bridge while kitted out in her school uniform is enough to make any right-thinking man pluck his bow. A sweet melody indeed.

Back to reality, then. It was Samantha herself who sent us her picture with a view to appearing in Club, so how does she feel now she's seen the stunning results?

'When I finish at University next year, I might think about going into modelling full-time. But I'm really impressed with the Club treatment, and I hope you'll ask me back.'

Did you catch that, Ed?



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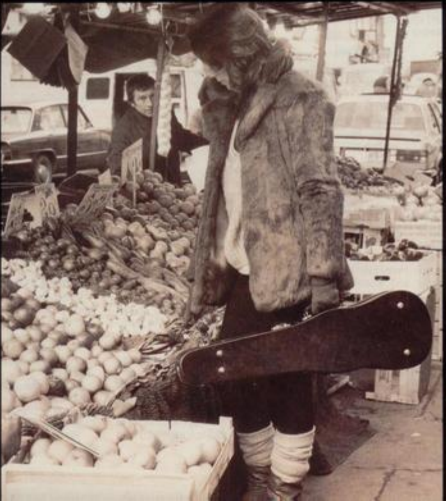

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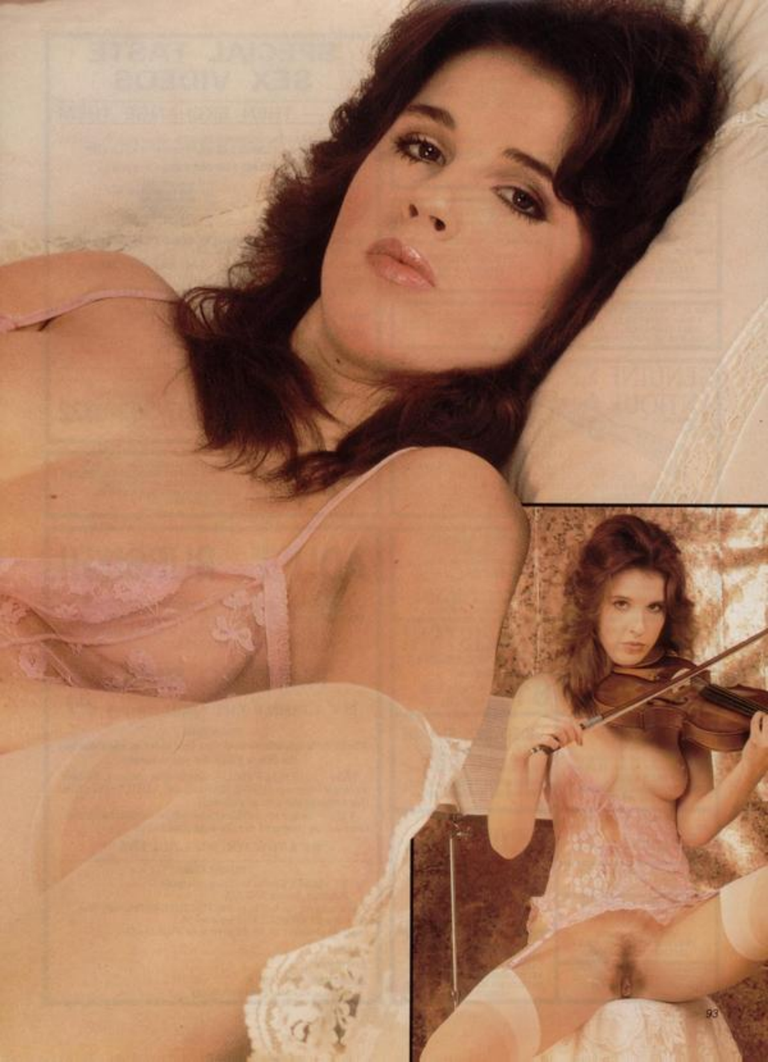


club Chance would be a fine thing!

We have to admit to working our photographers hard. Only the best is good enough for this magazine, and we demand it all the time (if not more often).

You'd think, then, they had enough on their plate while working on one of our photo sessions. However, when you throw in a girl who's also a photography fanatic, who demands to know every light reading and shutter speed, and who offers her own free advice at every exposure (in both senses of the word), you're talking about one busy lensman.

At one stage in the proceedings, Potter suggested it might be better if he and Susie were to swap places. Our latest *Club Chance* recruit took him completely by surprise when she said she would love the opportunity to photograph a male nude other than her boyfriend. "He just can't seem to control himself. He always ends up with a stinking great erection, which ruins the effect completely."

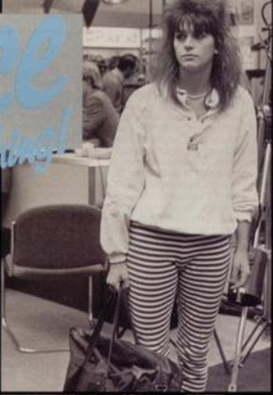
Thankfully, the offer was withdrawn and Susie went on to display how adept she is at performing on the other side of the camera, too.

"I once did a nude set of myself, using the automatic setting on my camera. I showed the pictures to a friend of a friend who runs his own agency – and although he thought I looked good, he went ga-ga over the photography, saying I should ask whoever took them to send more work in. I was too modest to own up . . ."

We put Susie to the test, asking her to make a selection of pictures from the finished set: her expertise was obvious, and so most of the pictures overleaf are Susie's own choice. "I'm quite an expert on men, too, so I like to think I've chosen pictures that'll give your readers a real turn-on."

My goodness, is there no end to this girl's talents?

Photographs by Ian Potter



65 QUEENSGATE MEWS

Club Chance would be a fine thing!

After meeting Jerri, we're almost of a mind to start calling this feature *Club Chancer*. After all, how many models would grab hold of the photographer's tie as soon as she's met him, asking if she can have it for her collection . . . *and* get away with it?

'I honestly do collect them,' she told stunned lensman Dave, as she folded his Italian silk number into her pocket. 'I've got more than 50 of them now, and quite a lot of them come from the customers in the pub where I work part-time as a barmaid. And don't think I'm taking advantage of them when they're drunk: I don't need to . . .'

But getting all tied up is only part of what this 19-year-old is all about. She adores animals, and absolutely dotes on a pet bunny called Rupert. Never thought we'd ever be jealous of a blasted rabbit, but there you are.

Jerri also does her bit to keep the Trafalgar Square pigeons well-fed. 'I've been coming here quite a lot since I moved to London,' she says, chucking another handful of birdseed to what must be the most pampered pigeons on the planet. 'I came up from Swansea to seek my fortune – and although I'm still looking, I love every minute of it!'

There's more, though. If you're ever lucky enough to be invited round to Jerri's for dinner, you can expect something a bit special – she adores cooking foreign health food dishes. You can also expect a session with the Tarot cards, another of the big things in Jerri's life. If you play them right and end up staying in the night, you can further expect to be dragged out of bed at the crack of dawn and forced to go jogging with this fitness fanatic.

All in all, quite a girl. And although this was her first-ever picture session, we doubt very much if this is the last time you'll be seeing Jerri in Club.

Photographs by Dave [illegible]

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